The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

BRITISH efforts to confine American trade to channels approved by Great Britain have been to a great extent successful. The World's disclosures show that England's control of tin exports from this country is almost absolute. Sales of manufactured products into which crude rubber enters are under British supervision. American woollen dealers must take orders from the British Government. Even American cotton is hard pressed.

The situation is one to make this country reflect.

England has had nearly three-quarters of a century of free trade. During that time she has brought a commerce of vast extent into such perfect organization that now, in the midst of a distracting and disruptive war, she can still hold the threads and dictate terms to exporters in neutral nations.

Through the same period the United States has held to protection. It has kept behind tariff walls, nursing some industries, cramping others, neglecting its shipping or coddling it to death.

To-day the markets of the world are beckoning to American trade. Circumstance urges us to be and to continue to be first among exporting nations. Yet we find our commerce at loose ends. We do not know how to set to work to grasp and keep what is within our reach. Commercially we have not the authority to declare ourselves independent of Great Britain and her Board of Trade.

Has protection made us fit? Have we done the best we could by ourselves?

By April 1, 1916, England will owe $11,000,000,000. Maybe by that time she will have the load equitably adjusted to British backs.

LET COMMISSIONER SMITH EXPLAIN.

IF a private corporation owned land along the edges of Manhattan Island, would it be content to collect a yearly rental of ten cents per square foot for the same?

Investigation by The Evening World reveals the fact that the City of New York receives for shack space on the marginal ways adjoining the most valuable water front in the world ten cents annually per square foot. Pier space close by rents at $1.00 per square foot. But within a few paces of the docks the city shades its rents 90 per cent. to meet the wishes of corporations whose officers, so the Dock Commissioner says, "would raise a riot" if they were asked to pay more.

The city's revenue from wharves and wharfage is no mean item. Eighty-four million six hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars were the gross figures to Dec. 31, 1913. How many millions more could be put into the municipal treasury by lifting water front rentals to a fair business level?

City taxpayers are asked to believe that only by boosting the tax rate can New York keep up its income. What is its income? How far does it fall short of what it might be if municipal officers saw to it that the city received full payment from its creditors and fair returns from its realty?

Mr. Bryan calls at the White House to-day. The country has picked up some since his last appearance there.

ONE'S LUCK ANOTHER'S DOWNFALL.

SOME three months ago a twenty-two-year-old clerk in this city stole $2,000 from the firm that employed him and increased it to $6,000 in Wall Street. His employers, when they found out about it, instead of prosecuting him, patted him on the back and praised his business acumen.

The precedent was a dangerous one. It appears it stuck in the mind of Henry S. Bradley, the defaulting mail teller of the Merchants' National Bank, who thought he could run $100,000 of the bank's money up to $1,000,000 in the course of a month. According to one of his friends, his plan was to put his million in a safe place, "walk in on the officers of the bank, confess he had stolen some money, slam the amount down on the desk and ask them what they meant to do about it." No doubt he hoped their surprise would turn to admiration.

Bradley's friends seem extraordinarily well-informed as to his plans, although vague as to what upset them. The case only goes to show what an impression stories like the earlier one make upon the minds of young men who draw small salaries and handle large amounts of their employers' money.

A firm that shows leniency or cynical indulgence toward theft merely because the thief proves to be also a lucky gambler is doing no service to anybody.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

There is no look of triumph to equal that on the face of the woman who goes into a bargain rush and comes out with what she wanted.

* * *

The last straw couldn't break the camel's back without a great deal of assistance.—Florida Times-Union.

* * *

It is always advisable to teach daughter how to cook, wash the dishes and make up the beds. It is no downright cinch that she is going to marry a prince or a banker.—Macon News.

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Men who have something to say use few words.

* * *

You can avoid a lot of trouble by refusing to advise any one how to invest his money.—Albany Journal.

* * *

There's this much to be said in favor of eating out: You are made to better appreciate home cooking.

Letters From the People

The Police Reserve System.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The patrolman who wrote to this column explaining one weakness of the reserve system struck the nail on the head. I also wish to add that in event of a strike or riot the police are powerless under this system.

ANOTHER PATROLMAN.

Snakes in Ireland.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now that the interesting question regarding the existence of snakes in England has been settled, may I ask our readers whether any are to be found in Ireland? I have heard not, but should think that the dampness which no doubt is conducive to the beautiful scenery for which Ireland is noted would tend to produce reptiles.

J. D. G.

Trolley Route to Philadelphia.

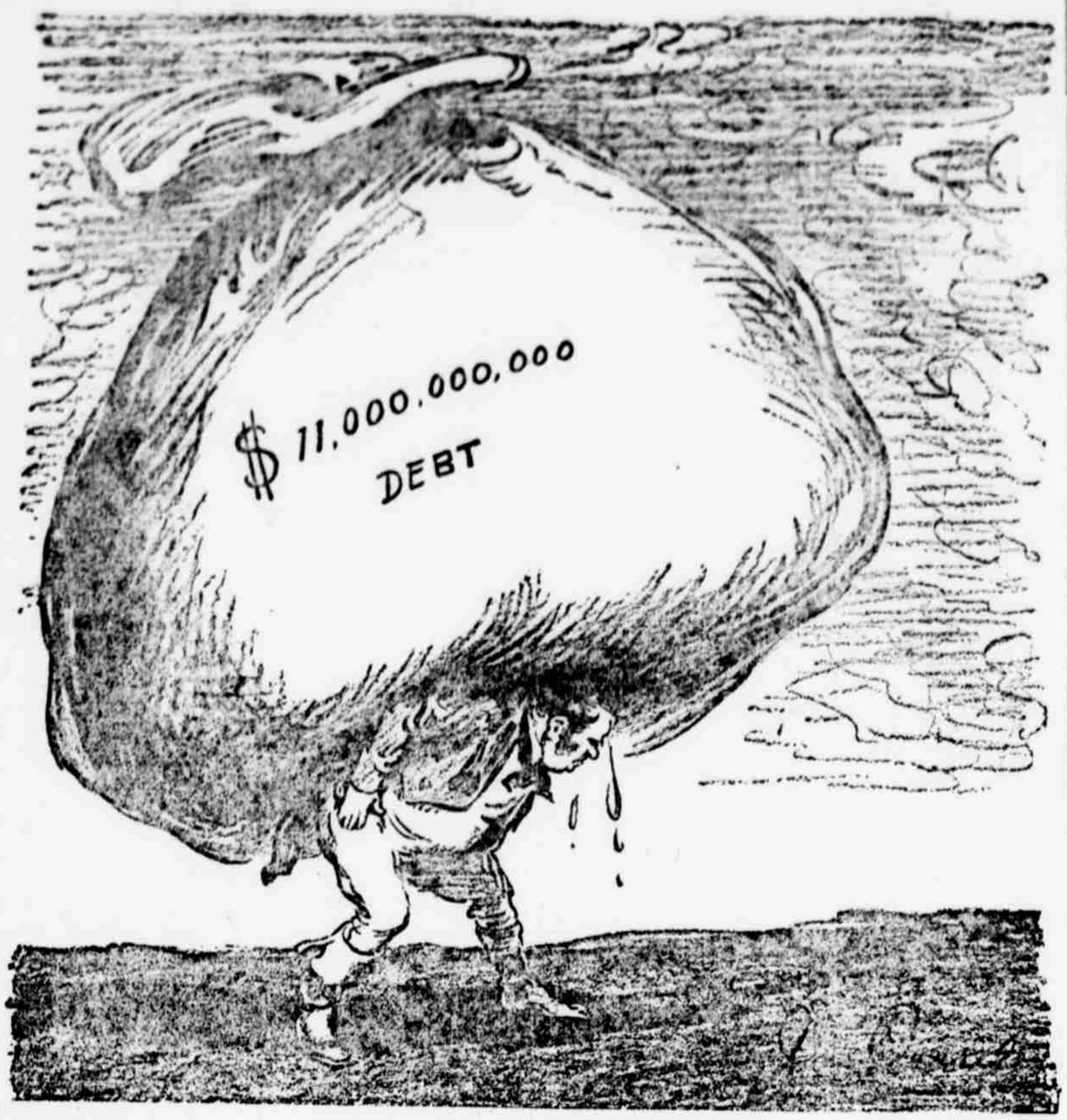
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some reader advise me as to what route I should take to Philadelphia by trolley? Also, would this trip be made in one day there and back? Also, is there any other trip by boat or trolley for a one-day outing?

J. J. H.

The Price of War!

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"YOU were going to tell us about your experience in the silent drama," Mr. Jarr reminded the ex-Poet Dinkston after they had adjourned from the dining room. Mrs. Jarr was so curious to hear the visitor's behind the lens experiences that she had gotten the ex-poet a chicken supper and now permitted Mr. Jarr to proffer cigars in her front room. Anyway, the lace curtains were down for the summer.

"Ah, yes, indeed," remarked the ex-poet as he settled himself comfortably in a rocking chair by the open window. "Yes, I had quite a meteoric career in the silent drama." Mr. Dinkston pronounced it "drayma." It was not known how he pronounced the word bath.

"I read in the papers the other day that Charles Chaplin started as a moving picture actor at five dollars a day and that he now gets two thousand five hundred a week," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Why don't you ask him to supper?" Mrs. Jarr inquired, for one brief glance at Mr. Dinkston told her that the ex-poet's incursion into the moving pictures had not brought him five dollars a day for very many days, not to mention two thousand five hundred a week for as much as one consecutive week.

"Charlie Chaplin began his moving picture career as an 'extra,' a supernumerary," remarked Mr. Dinkston, "while I started in from the very beginning as understudy for all the leading characters."

"Tell us all about it," asked Mrs. Jarr eagerly. "How did you get into the moving pictures, are you still connected with them? I have such a splendid idea for a scenario, but I am afraid to send it in for fear the idea will be stolen and used."

"Is it a good idea?" asked Mr. Dinkston.

"Oh, it's a splendid idea," cried Mrs. Jarr. And then she paused. She was afraid if she said more Mr. Dinkston might kidnap the child of her brain.

"Have no fear, Mrs. Jarr," remarked the ex-guest. "If your idea for a moving picture is a good one it will never be stolen. What would they do with a new and good idea in the movies, whether said new or good idea was bought or stolen?"

"You speak pessimistically," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"I have a right to," was the gloomy reply. "If I have a whole bone left in my head—I mean body—it is through no fault of the producers of the silent drama."

"But you told us you started your career in moving pictures as understudy to the leading actors," remarked Mrs. Jarr, who began to wonder if the ex-poet had not obtained a good meal from her under false pretenses. For, had he not invited himself again to dinner by promising to tell of his strange experiences as a screen actor?

"I know what's the matter with Dinkston," remarked Mr. Jarr. "He never got any opportunity to display his talents. It's the same way on the stage. The understudy never gets a chance to show the audience how a leading role should be played. The understudy reports night after night, but the leading actors always show up; few die and none resign."

"Few die and none resign in the moving pictures," said Mr. Dinkston, "and as for an understudy to the leading actor sitting around the studio idle, it never happens. The understudy gets plenty to do."

Dinkston Played Hero and Villain To Keep the Others' Cold Feet Warm

"That must be nice!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Did you understudy in the important scenes?"

"Those were the only ones," replied the ex-poet. "I took the hero's place every time he jumped off the burning steamship to save the heroine; I dressed up as the villain every time the villain was thrown off a cliff. I have been thrown off every cliff in California. If you could see my cuticle, my dear friends, you would find it covered with large honeycomb markings from falling into nets from varying heights. Twice the nets broke and so did my ribs and collar bone."

"But it must have been exciting," said Mrs. Jarr.

"On the contrary, I found it quite monotonous," replied Mr. Dinkston. "And so I retired from the silent drama."

"Well, I think the moving pictures are grand," said Mrs. Jarr. "Only in hot weather is it too close and stuffy in the theatres, and in the airdomes there's always a woman sitting in front of you who won't take off her hat, and you can't see a thing on the screen."

"In that case," advised the visitor, "make Mr. Jarr—if he is with you—put on his hat."

"What good will that do?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"It will abate the nuisance in front of you," Mr. Dinkston explained. "Everybody behind Mr. Jarr will shout 'Take off your hat!' and the woman wearing the view-obstructing hat in front of you will think the demonstration is directed against her and will remove the offending headgear."

And, borrowing a quarter from Mr. Jarr by "registering" destitution, unseen by Mrs. Jarr, the ex-poet and recent martyr of the movies bade them good evening and went upon his way.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

A Potato Dealer Trade Marks His Product and Profits Thereby.

"The past twenty years have witnessed a revolution in the merchandising of this country. Articles formerly sold in bulk, untrademarked, now reach the consumer in a neat package, branded with the vender's trademark. Although this has added slightly to the expense, this factor is more than counterbalanced through the saving of time in handling, in the standardization of quality in the products thus treated and in the improved cleanliness and sanitation of the modern method.

"From the vender's viewpoint this plan has resulted in obvious disadvantages. Through identification of the article by trademarking he has been enabled to create a strong and steady consumer demand through advertising. This naturally results in increased stability for his business. Among his valuable assets he counts the 'good will' of his trademark. Sugar, salt, molasses, fruits, starch—these are but a few of the products formerly sold in bulk, untrademarked, which are now offered the public in package form."

Caleb Johnson laid down the magazine from which the above is quoted, pushed back his spectacles and stared into space.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "if there isn't an idea in that for me? I've sold potatoes in bulk for nigh onto forty years. And not one housewife in the State has any idea of my firm's identity. Now if I packed my best potatoes in cartons, bearing my trademark, used potatoes of uniform size for this purpose, thus insuring all being thoroughly cooked at the same time, I should gradually gain good will."

For some time Johnson revolved this idea in his mind. It looked practicable.

"If I don't do it some one else will," he concluded. "I believe I'll experiment with it." Finally he ordered 500 cartons. These bore his trademark and a printed explanation of the advantages of the new plan. "Light is harmful to potatoes" was one of the arguments used. This is a chemical truth known to all dealers in tubers.

Johnson placed the cartons with the grocers, supplying them at the same time with folders advertising the virtues of the new method. These were to be distributed by inclosing them with each parcel of groceries delivered.

"I wonder how they'll go?" pondered Johnson, as the shipment left his warehouse. "They cost a little more. Will the public pay for the added convenience?"

A couple of days told the story. Potatoes in packages made an instant hit. Reorders poured in. Johnson promptly placed an order for 10,000 cartons. To-day the Johnson brand is established in thousands of local households. And Caleb Johnson has the satisfaction of knowing that he has gained that intangible but valuable asset, good will. His product sells for a higher price. Potatoes have been lifted to the plane of sugar, spices and other products backed by the reputation of the house behind them. Now Johnson is contemplating a newspaper campaign for the purpose of still further stimulating the demand for his product.

Editorials by Women

A DEFENSE OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THAT stern censor of morals and manners, the Hon. Thaddeus C. Sweet, Speaker of the Assembly of New York State, is the latest to lay bare the hidden iniquity of the women of New York City. Discussing Woman Suffrage at the State Fair and generously conceding that the enfranchisement of women in small towns might make for general moral improvement, the Hon. Mr. Sweet adds dourly, "but their votes would be more than offset by the votes of women in our big cities, which would be cast on the opposite side of every moral issue."

New York women are accustomed to being hailed as daughters of Belial by notoriety-hunting prophets from small town wildernesses. But just how much ground is there for such a charge?

The woman usually accepted as "typical of New York" is attractive in appearance. She knows how to dance and how to play bridge. Not infrequently she dines in a restaurant. She doesn't go to bed at 9 o'clock. Do any of these habits or accomplishments necessarily put her "on the opposite side of every moral issue?"

What else can be said of this woman? It was she and her friends who worked loyally in The Evening World's campaigns for school lunches and for the Widowed Mothers' Pension Act. It was New York women who extended the tenderest and most skilfully organized aid to the survivors from the Titanic. It is New York women who are back of such movements as the Consumers' League, the Housewives' League, the Vacation Savings Fund and scores of other social and philanthropic activities.

"Moral issues" are not curfew customs; they are issues which enlist the aid of the generous, the sympathetic, the far-sighted, the socially minded. To judge by the record, such issues are at least as likely to find support among the women of New York City as among the women of the small towns.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 55—THE LIGHT-EYED MAN. By Guy de Maupassant.

JUDGE DE VARGNE, world famous for his powers as a criminologist, was about to start for court one morning when a card was brought to him. It bore the name "Dr. Ferdinand," with a list of the doctor's high titles in Hayti, and a pencilled indorsement from Mme. Frogere, one of the Judge's friends.

The visitor was ushered in. He was coal black, but he had the lightest and most peculiar eyes the Judge had ever seen in a human face.

"My eyes interest you," said the visitor, noting de Vargne's curious gaze. "I came here to let you look at them so closely that you can never forget them."

Then he went away, leaving the Judge dumb with amazement at the strangeness of it all. His first thought was that the man was a lunatic. Then he realized that eyes of that kind do not belong to a madman, but rather to the most dangerous type of criminal.

Judge de Vargne asked Mme. Frogere about the man whose card she had indorsed. She answered that she had not written her name on the card, and that she had never heard of a "Dr. Ferdinand."

A Strange Visit.

The Judge also learned on inquiry that no doctor of such a name lived in Hayti.

The puzzle was beyond de Vargne's powers to solve. On thinking over the events of Ferdinand's brief call the Judge called to mind that in spite of the visitor's black skin he had had the features and straight hair of a white man. He had evidently been in disguise.

Next day Judge de Vargne received the following unsigned letter:

"Sir: Dr. Ferdinand has no existence, but I have. I am the man who called on you and whose eyes you will recognize when you see me again. I have committed two great crimes. I feel no remorse for them, but I am terribly afraid I shall some day confess them. You, as a judge, know the odd psychological power that impels criminals to confess—to boast of their misdeeds. I am a criminal. I have a fierce longing to have somebody know about my crimes. When they are known to one person besides myself I shall no longer feel that perilous craving to confess. My secret will be safe and my mind will be calm.

"I have chosen you as the man who shall know my secret. That is why I called on you. That is why I told you never to forget my eyes. You shall see me again some time. You will not recognize the rest of my face, for it will be changed. But you will recognize my peculiar light eyes. That will lead you, through curiosity, to make inquiry about me. You will learn what my two crimes were; but you will also learn that there is no evidence against me. I have now confessed to you, and with no risk of injury to myself."

A few months afterward, at a reception, Judge de Vargne met a Parisian whom we will call Monsieur X. At sight he recognized those unmistakable light eyes that he had never forgotten. Monsieur X. gave no sign of having seen the Judge before.

Beyond Punishment.

De Vargne at once made official inquiries about him. He found that Monsieur X. was a rich physician. Five years earlier he had been a poor medical student. He had married an enormously rich widow who had one child. Almost at once she and the child had been stricken with typhoid and had died.

Judge de Vargne deduced the fact that X. had poisoned the woman and her child with typhoid germs in order to inherit their wealth. These, then, were the man's two crimes. And the criminal had been right in saying there was absolutely no evidence that the Judge could bring against him.

"There is no way of bringing him to punishment or making him confess," sighed de Vargne. "In the old days it would have been different. For then Justice could be reinforced by Torture!"

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

"ISN'T September a glorious month?" inquired Ma as she rolled a thermos bottle up in a steamer rug and stuffed it into the pile of plunder on the floor of the tonneau.

"Grand!" agreed Mrs. Green, tossing in her three loaves of French bread tied with pink ribbon off a candy box.

"I've always maintained," continued Ma, fitting a burlap bag of charcoal into a corner too small for it, "that the fall of the year is the time for picnics. Don't you remember what a glorious time we had on that one last year? Oh, I DO hope the steaks are as tender as they were then! You know I've got a new butcher now—but he seems to be a nice enough man."

"That doesn't prove that the steaks will be tender," contributed Pop, coming up with a pail of cracked ice interlarded with bottles of the by-product of the hop.

"Now, don't you go and be a killjoy, Milton," warned Ma. "M-m! Can't you just imagine how they're going to taste? Sliced and put on a piece of French bread and smothered in oodles of melted butter and salt—out in the open—with a cold glass of beer and"——

"Oh, keep still!" complained Pop. "I'm ravenous before we start, and it takes an hour to get there."

"Wasn't it a great idea of Mr. Green to bring your phonograph and records along?" said Ma enthusiastically. "It's just the thing for after lunch. We can lounge around and listen to a few selections and then, when we're rested, we'll put in the dance music and have a fox trot or two. Won't it be fine?"

"I'd rather sleep—much," grumbled Pop. "I sleep elegant after I eat steak in the open."

"Well, you won't! You're going to dance if I want you to, Milton. You're getting too fat, anyway. It'll be sort of al fresco, won't it?"

"Don't let your effervescence get the best of you," recommended Pop, suavely. "We had a discussion on that term one night, and I'm the only survivor!"

"Oh, look! Here comes my husband now with the machine and the records," announced Mrs. Green. "It's his hobby. He just dotes on music anyway. See how carefully he carries it."

"It's a good thing it's one of those small, cheap ones," said Ma, sweetly. "I'd be reluctant to take it if it was a good one."

"Oh, it wasn't so cheap!" flared Mrs. Green. "It isn't one of those ten-dollar ones, if that's what you mean. It cost us fifteen. And our records are the best. We have some that cost three dollars."

"I wasn't criticising your machine at all," Ma explained hastily. "Why, my dear, I wouldn't be so rude. I was only thinking that we couldn't get one of the expensive ones in the car."

It was a lame finish. Mrs. Green took advantage of it.

"If you had a REAL car," she flared back, "you could do even that!"

And as her husband reached the spot she grabbed his arm and dragged him home.

"Well, you've gone and made a pretty mess of it!" exploded Pop, after a minute's thought.

"Oh, if she wants to be as touchy as all that, let her! Anyway, what do they furnish? We buy the steaks and the beer and use our gasoline and they tote along a bum, second-hand machine and a couple of moth-eaten records! Who wants to dance on rocks and lumpy ground, anyway? And if the records got broken in the car I suppose we'd have to pay for them. And, anyway, our broiler broils steak beautifully."

"You are what is called a ratiocinating optimist," remarked Pop. "I guess that'll hold you for a while."

Talks With My Parents.

By a Child

FATHER had a day off yesterday. I mean, he had a half day off, for he left work at noon.

I don't want to tell secrets, but a woman loves a man a whole lot more when she thinks he is out making money.

If a man is home without a good reason, my goodness! What a commotion it creates in the neighborhood.

According to law (my law) every man must have certain hours to work, certain days to be home (like Sundays) and he must have a vacation of two weeks or more.

Anything different from this is criminal and submits the wife of such a man to the punishment of answering questions like:

"Is your husband ill?"

"What is your husband doing at home?"

"Has his vacation started?"

I am going to put the following line in my book and if I don't like it, later I can scratch it out.

"A woman loves her husband most when he is away from home making money."